

To find oneself

Curimuch

Kirby

Complete



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Summary

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Description

Kirby's simple personality and way of life passes onto Metaknight with a single playful action from the child warrior. Was it just what Metaknight needed? Or was a balance in the world broken by this?

1. To find oneself

A/N: Usually I don't make or post stories such as these, but I thought it was just that good. A friend and I (Franfranlove on this site) usually joke about the kind of chaos that would ensue if too many people saw Metaknight's face. That is this story.

This isn't a serious work, neither is it written like my usual stories.

Read with a strong and readied mind. Not even we could handle the chaos and our minds conceived it...

Kirby was positively bored alone in Metaknight's room. He was looking for a way to entertain himself. Blade just happened to come by and asked, "What are you looking for?"

He didn't find exactly what he was looking for— A copy of Metaknight's mask, to be exact— but found a piece of cardboard, which would be fine. He took a pair of scissors and started cutting away, trying his best to make it look like his mentor's mask. He put it up to his face, "Poyo, poyo poyo, poyo!"

Sword peeked in as well, and started laughing heartily, unable to help himself. Even Blade was snickering behind his helmet. He was trying to conceal it and be the *mature* brother of the situation but...

"And who could believe that under the mask was a creature that looked almost identical to Kirby," Sword mused, patting Kirby on the head affectionately. Kirby made a sound of happiness in reply. "Man, good thing Sir Metaknight isn't here!"

Blade was still laughing softly under his mask. It was so true, "Yes... that's the eerie thing about it."

Sword grinned under his mask cheekily and added, "Heheh, yes. He has the same rosy cheeks, too! They're both small and round, but Sir Metaknight is a bit bigger. They look just the same, but different colors. It's a shame he hides it with his mask, but I'm sure he does that on purpose..."

"Well... its kind of hard being a super powerful warrior with a face like that," Blade said

"I mean, I think he only doesn't like the attention. Kind of weird, huh?" he continued, trailing off in thought.

“Hm, you mean like, ‘Wow! He’s so cute?’”

“Yep, definitely!” Sword answered, hands on his sides. ‘And Sir Metaknight *definitely* does not like that.’ He chuckled. “Did you know he has a height complex, too? Always standing in really high places, wrapped up in his cloak...”

“Now I... actually wonder about the inhaling thing...”

Sword paused, dumbfounded. “Uhhh...” He stopped, tilted his head, then straightened. “You know what, I’ve never thought about that! Him inhaling! He seems to be the same species as Kirby, so... Maybe...” This new found idea that struck Sword left him almost speechless.

The idea of Metaknight transforming was a bit ridiculous to picture, though.

Blade was beginning to feel like they were treading forbidden grounds. He stuttered, “O-oh goodness... you’re..ri..ght..”

Sword continued to picture Metaknight transforming, let alone eating everything that came into his path. Being mistaken for a ball, defeating demon beasts by *eating them*... All the stuff that Kirby did; Metaknight could potentially do this as well.

Needless to say, Sword and Blade’s minds have been blown.

Blade was staring out in space utterly amazed at his mental images. Kirby, oblivious to anything that was going on, set the fake mask down and sat down on the chair. Blade managed to utter to Sword, “M-my mind... just... I don’t think I can see Metaknight the same way”

“I... I know what you mean, Blade,” Sword replied, staggering back a little and resting against the wall.

“He’s exactly like Kirby.” Blade said and pointed to the pink puff. “Even the way he sits come to think of it”

Sword couldn’t help but chuckle. “Heheh, and god he sits in the most adorable way—” Metaknight was horrified behind the mask. Just what were Sword’s intentions? Luckily for Blade, he was not caught like his brother. He quickly stepped aside in case there would be an explosion. “Glad Sir Metaknight isn’t here!” he continued, oblivious to the horrified warrior right behind him. Apparently, Blade was the smarter of the two, and more observant.

Metaknight was still at a loss. First Fumu, now this? He thought, “Why is my life so awkward?”

Kirby started waving in a friendly manner, his eyes directed behind Sword. The swordsman tilted his head and raised an eyebrow behind his mask and asked, “Kirby, who are you wavi— Ohshi—” He turned around quickly, staggering backwards. “S-Sir!”

Metaknight was still at a complete lost.

Sword put his arm behind his head and stammered, “We were, uh, just joking around about things, you know?” And the worst part was, he didn’t know *how* long he had been there.

Metaknight lifted up a single hand as some sort of resignation and simply walked away.

The pink star warrior would not stand for this, though. “Meta!” Kirby called, running after his mentor. He was downright *bored*, and wanted to go do something! “Meta, Meta!” he repeated, tugging on the cape.

Metaknight was brain-dead.

Kirby moved in front of his mind-exploded friend and started to reach up, lifting up his mask. It was fun seeing the ever-so-serious one without it on. He had another one just like himself, after all!

“ohgoddon’tdothat” Metaknight uncharacteristically stuttered and pulled his mask down. Kirby was interested by the reaction, he grinned widely and took it off completely; *and then fled for his life*. Metaknight helplessly covered his face, unknowingly being unbearably adorable.

Humiliation.

What Kirby really wanted to do was tell him that it seriously wasn’t that bad being cute. He felt a little guilty for stealing his mentor’s mask, and slowly walked back to Metaknight.

“P-Poyo...” He held it out. Metaknight didn’t even notice this gesture. If he still had it in him, he may even weep not too far from now.

Terrible day.

Kirby sent him a worried and confused glance, and grabbed onto one of his gloved hands and started pulling him back to the room. His brain was obviously shut down, Kirby even managed to pull a glove off of his hand. At this point, Metaknight didn’t seem to care anymore, maybe it was a major issue of acceptance on his part.

Or something *really* broke.

The worry broke suddenly when he realized that he had gotten a glove. He put it on quickly, and suddenly...

He had thumbs.

His face; Pure. Joy.

“Poyay!” he shouted, grabbing onto Metaknight’s nub to continue what his main objective was— To get Metaknight out of public area and back into that room. Metaknight was in his room and against a wall. Maskless, single gloved, and broken.

No words.

No expression.

No motion.

But he was clearly awake.

While Kirby had fun with his new thumbs, Sword went over to his brother and asked, “What’s wrong with him?”

Metaknight was still as blank as the day he was pierced with the Chilidog nail.

Blade simply shrugged, fearing words would worsen this.

“Aw...” Sword began, but changed it into a word before Metaknight was gone forever. “Aww... fuul. Awful. This situation is.”

At this point, Metaknight took off the other glove and looked at his stubby thumbless hands.

Acceptance. He just needed to accept.

Kirby wanted a cape, that way, he’d be a complete Metaknight. He would likely get away because Metaknight was in another dimension.

Getting more in tune with himself.

Kirby went over to his friend and took the cloak and armor, equipping himself in it. “Kirby Knight!” he yelled swinging Galaxia all over the place.

Metaknight was now exposed completely. It’s been a long time. A very long time since Metaknight floated amongst the stars in his gut. It was... almost relaxing.

Alone with himself in the stars.

Kirby hopped up on top of the cabinet. Height complex away!

In Metaknight's personal realm, gumballs sprinkled around modestly. They were like larger and colorful stars to him at this point. It was like he was embracing carefree gentleness. Metaknight kept floating, strangely curious to see what was the oldest thing he can find he last ate. Usually this wouldn't cross his mind, but now since he was here...

Why not?

Sword tilted his head and asked, "What the heck is going on with Sir Metaknight?"

Blade removed his helmet and scratched his head and answered, "Looks like he's doing that concentration thing..."

There was his breakfast from a week ago, and that pie he got a Waddle dee to bake for him that one time. This extra dimensional thing was pretty amusing come to think of it; he grinned and kept on floating.

That grin was in the real world as well.

Kirby was interested by that smile.

"Whoa.."

Sword's eyebrows shot up as he commented intrigued, "Well I'll be damned."

Blade poked Kirby and asked, "Hey, do you know whats going on in there?"

Kirby shook his head. He's only done what Meta is doing a few times... All they could do was watch not seeing and feeling what he could.

He kept floating and eventually it looked like he was reaching the end, flying into the light; with a blink of his eyes he was back from his trip. Still in 'Kirby knight' form, Kirby tilted his head and grinned. He squealed, "Meta!"

Metaknight saw him in his clothing, but for some reason he didn't mind that Kirby was dressed up like him, he had something else in mind.

"I'm hungry."

Everyone stood there with the same words in their mind— "What?"

He got up and went into his shelf and opened up another jar of candies and ate them. All of them. Not just ate, but inhaled. It was a

soft inhale, but it was one regardless. Kirby was amazed.

The blue puff was still hungry and thought, “Watermelons.” He then hummed aloud, “Hm...” and wandered out of the room not in knight gear.

Escargon wandering the halls had to double take when he saw Metaknight.

“Wh—”

Metaknight ignored and kept making his way to the outside world. It was a matter of time until he made it through Pupuland to the watermelon field. Kirby felt like he had to follow, so he did, as did Blade and Sword.

Something was *very* wrong with their lord.

With the direction the wind was blowing, he withdrew some air and floated like a dandelion seed in the sky.

Carefree but graceful.

He’d laugh if he could, but he would fall out of the air if he done that. It felt like he should be remembering something. A feeling in the back of his mind.

But it didn’t feel as good as this blankness.

Blade was running to keep up with the blue drifter. As he ran he yelled to his brother, “This feels like your fault for thinking forbidden things!”

“It wasn’t forbidden!!!” he cried.

“Look at him! He’s hungry, floating in the air, and not in his uniform!”

“He’s falling out of the air now!!” Sword exclaimed. He then noticed, “Watermelons?”

“Oh god,” Blade choked. “M’Lord, **Noooo!!**”

Something

Something in the back of his mind was saying ‘no’. But for some reason he did it.

Kirby frowned because he wanted some as well. Go in, brave Kirby, for he had stopped and sat down because he strangely felt full. Kirby inhaled and the fields were gone.

Sword was still trying to comprehend the cute. Cute? Blade was horrified that Metaknight was rubbing his gut.

He puffed his cheek yet again and flew away, seemingly back to Pupuland. Perhaps he needed his mask removed, to accept the ways of the puffball, or maybe he'll act like an adult again soon enough. The cappies were confused at who that 'blue Kirby' could possibly be. Maybe it was for the better that they couldn't figure it out, as Meta drifted back to the giant hill the castle resided on. He thought to himself, "This is actually pretty convenient," and landed in front of some startled Waddle dees. He made his way back to his room, Kirby puffed along, hoping some sense had been lodged back into his mentor. It seems Kirby was bored of this Metaknight who wandered back into his room. Already he had gotten a book to silently read to himself.

It was as if none of this had happened.

Kirby was dumbfounded, as was everyone else. Kirby silently sat all of Meta's stuff down, and Metaknight silently turned the pages of his book as he read them, minding his own business. Resuming his personality.

Kirby turned around and cried.

Metaknight placed his book down surprised and turned to the crying pink puff. He frowned and asked, "What's wrong?" Kirby could not answer, he was so confused. As was Metaknight. "Kirby?" He asked again and worriedly made his way over to the crying boy.

Life as Kirby knew it was so messed up. Kirby didn't know if this would happen again, he vowed to never take any of Metaknight's stuff again.

Ever.

Metaknight was patting the puffball on the head, something about his random tears were unnerving. But Kirby was tired of this emotional ride and he slept it away. Metaknight scratched his head and placed the puff somewhere to lay. Blade came in and timidly asked, "Is... everything alright?"

"Yes," Metaknight replied and returned to reading his book.

He knew what happened.

And that short period of lack of control felt great.

A/N: In case it was missed: The way Metaknight reacted to the loss of his mask was similar in the minigame, "Samurai Kirby" in

the super nintendo version of *Kirby Super star*.